

"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM



# Puck

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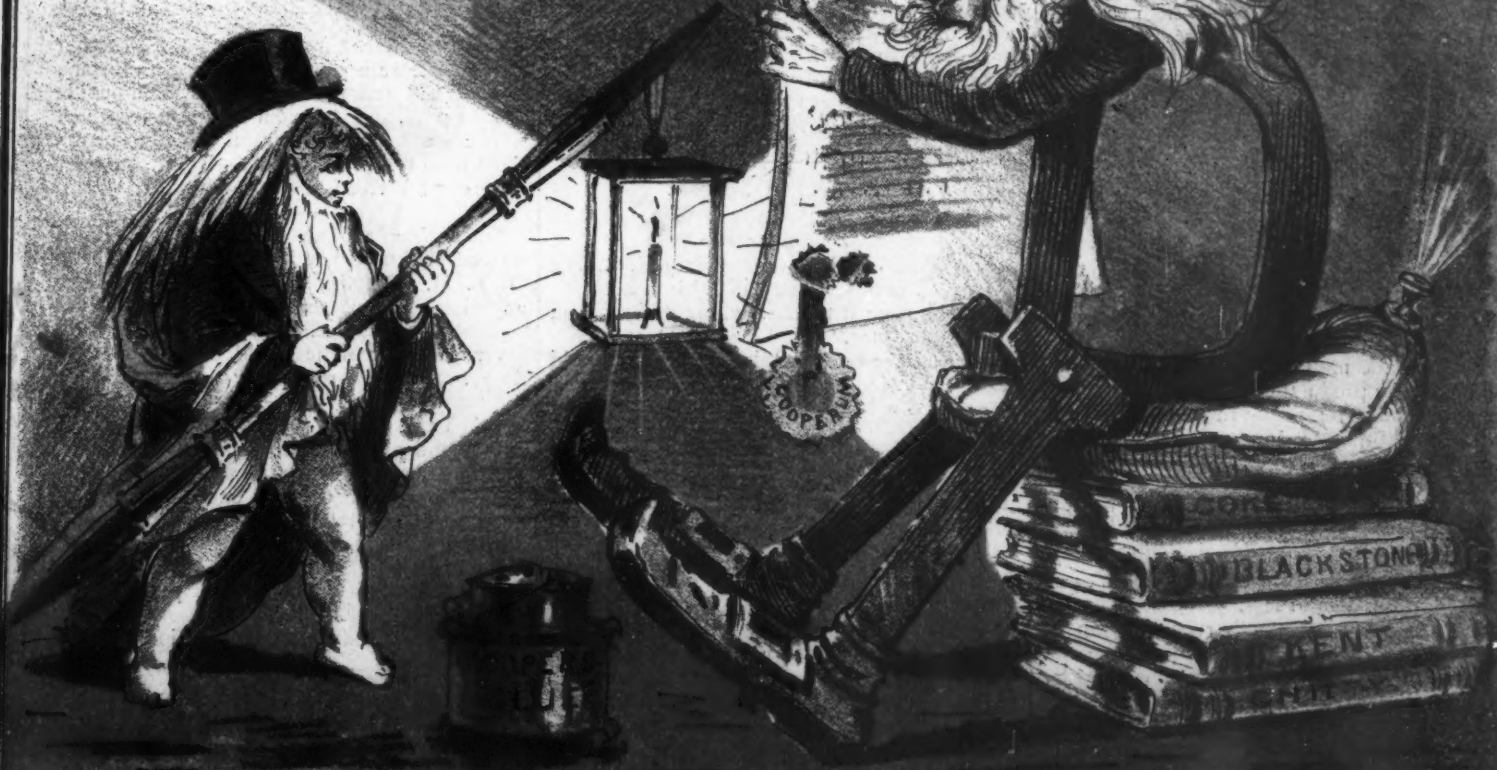
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## PUCK.

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## PUCK'S PANTHEON.

The next figure in PUCK'S PANTHEON will be  
 WM. M. EVARTS.

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## THE L-I-E-DERKRANZ.

You spell it L-i-e,  
 And pronounce it with a lee.  
 And when you go to the Liederkrantz,  
 Take along with you your sisters and your cousins and your aunts.

He did.

He took them all—especially his cousins—and they were a numerous and beautiful crowd.

They filled the big Academy on Thursday night, not simply from pit to ceiling; but from the dome to the saloons under the floor; and from ten o'clock in the evening to four o'clock in the adjoining morning, they got as much enjoyment out of the occasion as was compatible with the managing committee's stern regard for the proprieties.

It is very difficult, even now, to write in a consecutive and consistent style about the Liederkrantz Ball. And if there is one subject in the treatment of which a brilliant incoherency is permissible, that subject is this subject.

This remark must serve as an apology for the premature production of a statement which perhaps should be made further on in this article and properly led up to.

But we wish to express our firm conviction that the Germans, as Liederkrantz Ballers, have an immense advantage over the native population. This country is a great and a good country, it is strong in morals and pumpkinpie and inventive genius; but it doesn't pan out well in the item of legs.

The true American gamb runs to beanpole. It is built on the billiard-cue principle. As to beauty and imposing appearance, it is a beastly failure. Whereas the Teutonic leg is a healthy and well-developed article, well calculated to bring out all the subtle and delicate beauty of a pair of yellow tights.

Hence, in part, the success of the Liederkrantz. It was able to draw on the German element for the full amount of leg necessary to a masked ball. And the draft was honored.

The ball was formally opened with a tableau and procession only more brilliant and wonderful than the description thereof in the *Liederkrantz Gazette*. All this artistic circus was under the charge of Mr. Joseph Keppler, the Atlas on whose shoulders rested a world of Satyrs, Fawns, Bacchantes, Coryphæes, Pages, Swedes, Halberdiers and all manner of nondescript individuality. And when we think that Mr. Keppler was personally responsible for a couple of hundred pairs of legs; and take into consideration the vagaries that one simple pair is capable of, we cannot but admire the towering genius that drilled those naturally awkward legs into grace and precision, and made them a thing of beauty and a delight to the eye.

Not but what Mr. Keppler had some pretty good material to work on. There was one coryph—but no matter. How superior is the foreign conception of enjoyment to the great Anglo-American idea of making a business of pleasure. Why can't we Yankees learn to put on a checker-board suit and a false nose and sail into a crowd and be irresponsibly jolly? Why can't we? There is no apparent reason. One can readily see why John Bull could not do anything of the sort—because he is an Englishman. And he himself has said it. And he thinks it a discredit to make, as he would say, a damn fool of himself. But if you can make a damn fool of yourself gracefully and naturally and artistically, you might as well try it that way. For you're sure to do it, at one time or another, in the plain old-fashioned style.

Yes, the Liederkrantz Ball was a success. Remembering one delightful apartment, in a secluded corner of the house, where there appeared to be an inexhaustible fountain of champagne and adorable Tyrolienne peasantesses, we can lay our hand on our heart and say that the Liederkrantz Ball was a success. The press and committee rooms were good in their way; but remembrance holds especially dear that calm elysian retreat back of the proscenium arch.

Brandy and soda is a miraculous combination, considered as—but this is not the place for remarks of a general nature.

Suffice it to say that Memory, with his opera hat rather on one side and his white tie two or three degrees northeast of his shirt-bosom, pursues into the world of shadows no more fond and fair and fleeting vision than the recollection of the last Liederkrantz Ball.

## SMILEY'S GOBBLER.

THEY had a raffle around at Wiske's saloon Saturday night, and Smiley won the turkey. It looked plump and handsome, indeed, and he beamed all over when he handed it to Mrs. S.

"We'll have it to-morrow, my dear, boiled, with oyster sauce."

"We'll have no such thing, you infernal old idiot!" and she threw the fowl into the ash-box; then added with sarcasm as severe as an Alaska winter:

"When you go to Wiske's, my darling, you had better confine yourself to beer, of which you are an excellent judge, and leave poultry alone. Besides, if you must gamble, you shouldn't play for such high stakes."

Now that the gas companies—who certainly ought to know—have assured us that Edison's Electric Light is entirely impracticable, we trust Thomas will not obstinately waste further time upon it, but will turn his attention to the construction of some arrangement of springs, levers and grappling-irons, which will hold a newspaper firmly in front of you at the breakfast table, and turn its pages from you, the while you hold your cup of coffee in the one hand, and your buttered roll in the other, and spill the crumbs all over your lap.

## Puckerings.

ABBOTT'S *so, la*, is heavenly.

REMENYI'S fiddle is of fine *timbre*.

THE charge of the Light Brigade—Gas bills.

AN ex-pert—Petruchio's Kate after marriage.

WHAT sort of pain proceeds from a hat-rack?

WHEN on an ice-boat, N E wind will blow you south-west.

THERE are no girls on the stage: one is either a gal or a guirrel.

Do take 'em—both of 'em. You can use an additional Sam and Him.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to ask: "How can you bare this weather, Mr. PUCK?"

WILHELM-J has not lost one iota in name as yet by the paragraphers poking fun at it.

GRANT is in Bombay. What could have Hindoostan ex-President to go there?

BOB INGERSOLL was too much in a *rush* when he considered Moses in the light he did.

\* THERE is a car on the Fast Mail of the N. Y. C. R. R. marked "Gov. Beveridge." Roman Punch, we suppose.

HAVE we not suffered enough Tilden and Pelton? No subject has been so much be-written since Mary's little lamb, and that too had a pelt on.

Pelton might secure a happy engagement with Moody and Sankey, to the benefit of us all.

KEEP your face turned towards the glittering firmament, strain your eyes at the distant stars, and you will walk plump into every mud-puddle in your path, and stub your toes on every stone.

There are several beautiful lessons to be derived from this. For instance—but choose your own moral. This is a free country.

SOME time ago an indignant Englishman wanted to know, you know, why PUCK called H. B. M. "English Vick." We cannot see anything disrespectful in that. Take old Aeneas, for instance. Whenever he met his sovereign mistress he would extend his right flipper and simply remark: "How Di-do?"

It's bad enough to receive from a Southern correspondent a premature ode to "Spring," and we throw it into the fire which we have just heaped up with fresh coals; but the fiendish ingenuity of the wretch could scarcely have suggested a more aggravating aggregation of insults—he has stuck the enclosed postage stamp so tightly to his letter, that we can't possibly pull, soak or coax it off.

Some people have no consideration at all.

## Notice.

No. 9 (issue of May 7th, 1877), No. 14 (issue of June 4th, 1877), No. 26 (issue of September 5th, 1877), and No. 56 (issue of April 3rd, 1878) of "Puck" will be bought at this office, No. 13 North William Street, at 25 Cts. per copy, No's 82, 84 and 85 will be bought at full price.



## WHAT WE EAT AND DRINK.

**A**LTHOUGH some of the greatest men who ever lived, and wrote, or fought, or painted, or sculpted, were most unpleasantly dyspeptic men, and their domestic circus must have been a little "I" to themselves and their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts; nevertheless, a wise government should see to it that its people have the *mens sana* in the *cor-pore sano*.

But whether it is that our government is not wise, or that it thinks dyspepsia and general ill-health a sort of democratic road to learning and mental force, certain it is that little effort—and no concentrated effort—has yet been made in this country to inspect the food we eat and the fluids which we drink, and insist upon it that milk shall not be diluted chalk; that coffee shall not be chicory; and that our beef shall not be putrid.

And it is therefore that we add our forces to those of the Governor in calling attention to the iniquities of which the purveyors of "What We Eat and Drink" are guilty.

Recently the culchah of Boston had its calm pulse somewhat accelerated by the information that it ate tumeric for mustard; that it put acids for vinegar on its baked bean; that the flour which powdered its fish-ball was plaster-of-Paris; that black pepper was half soot; that its butter was very ancient and rancid fat; that its bread puffed up and grew white with alum; and that the glass which cheers and then inebriates was swimming with creosote, benzine, strychnine, logwood and other pretty chemicals which are much more apropos to the laboratory than to the dinner table after the cloth is removed.

But the quickened pulse of culchah'd Boston did not quicken the pulse of the nation, until recent action in England and Canada touched the American pocket. Our exporting beef-trade was threatened and something must be done.

Pleuro-pneumonia must be burnt out though the Heavens fall; and incidentally the Boards of Health were kind enough to say that our babies shall not die unnaturally through diseased milk, but shall be preserved for nice little graves which come naturally when the plumber plumbs scarlet-fever and diphtheria through our houses.

But there be others of us more mature who don't desire to drink copperas with our tea; nor sip pulverized mahogany with our morning coffee; we mildly protest against the sauces of our competent cook concealing the utter nastiness of the beef he serves us. In point of fact, if we are to live (or die) on adulterated food, we ask as our inherent right, that we be told *what* we are eating and drinking. We want our purveyors to label their delicacies and plainly let us know that we are buying "swill-milk, with stable-drippings and a strong infusion of pneumonia;" or "verdigris chow-chow and Piccalilli, warranted strong;" or "prime pork, with the best breed of trichinae, at no advance over old prices;" or "best W. I. sugar and sand. A great saving to housekeepers, as they can keep their tin-ware bright by preserving the sediments of their tea-cups."

It used to be popularly supposed that a man eats a peck of dirt before he dies; but the wildest fancies of the theorists never grasped the idea that a man *could* live with a cart-load of carboys of chemicals in his stomach.

Yet that is what the American people are capable of doing. And we hope that when the stomach of the next man who is murdered by his wife is searched by Dr. Ogden Doremus for the potent arsenic, that great analyst will continue his search and let the world know what the unfortunate man had, himself, been putting innocently into himself, in the way of what he

ate and drank, and for which his milkman, his grocer and his butcher added figures to their bank accounts.

A slower way of poisoning, Messrs Presidents, Governors, Mayors, Aldermen and Commissioners, but quite as deathly sure, and much more unpleasantly lingering in the long-drawn-out agony than the quicker way of a potent and sudden dose.

We have Custom-Houses to protect our revenue; wouldn't it be well to have a National Quarantine to keep impure, adulterated and diseased food out of the National Stomach?

## COOPER, LL.D.

**A**FTER eighty-eight years of a useful life spent in making glue, Mr. P. Cooper, of this city, has, without any fault of his, suddenly been made a lawyer. That is, he has been made a Doctor of Laws, which, we suppose, makes him more of a lawyer than lawyers generally are.

The certificate of his elevation to this high pinnacle of glory was read so indistinctly by the official intrusted to promulgate the same to a listening world (owing to a bronchial affection), that neither Mr. P. Cooper nor the reporters were able to catch it. And consequently Mr. P. Cooper could not reply to the same.

It is Puck's pride and glory to say that he has received both the text of the address in hog-Latin, and Mr. P. Cooper's reply in English.

## PAPA!

AD PETRUM COOPERUM,  
EHEU! EVOE! VALE! ET CÆTERA!  
Integer vitæ. Scelerisque puer.  
CHARTA DOCTORITUS LEGUM.

Petrus Cooper, tu quoque Tityre, et nos mutamur cum Glue. Nunc, tuncque et alias. Cushion de l'air est hic, hæc hoc, et hujus, propria to maribus, cum hem—ahem! Nunc dixit Cooperus

Institutio Cooperi  
mustibus be builtibus, mit greenbacks. Voglio averlo, costi quanto si voglia. Tunc dixit Cooperus dem peutifool lines  
Cooper sedet at a hole  
Intentus he cum omne soul  
Prendere cash.

## K. T. L.

Cooper, tu es MAGISTER LEGUM—quoque Doctor of the same. Prenez your air-cushion et squat! Shingle tin kannst be élevé over doorum tui. Che sarà, sarà.

[Seal] Signed, Polly Glott,  
A. S. S.

## REPLY OF MR. P. COOPER.

"Well, I d'n know, but I think I cud answer that 'ere speech in better lating than that's writ in. Though I never studied Lating, I'd wager none of you can tell me the Lating for Glue. Now, I make a quality of Glue—but no matter. About the Cooper Institute. Well, I suppose I scrimped and saved—but about greenbacks.

Now, what I want is Greenbacks for everybody. I want the poor man to make his own Greenbacks; then how happy he would be and his sisters, his cous—well, dear, I forbear. Many good men are hungry now-a-days, because they have no money. How fat they might be were a generous Government to allow every voter to have a greenback machine in his house. And now, as to the possibilities in the future of the air-cushion—what, love? Yes, dear! It is suggested, my friends, that I had better stop here, and we'll go into the dining-room and hev a little wine."

RULES IN RHYMES  
FOR NEW YORKERS.

## "L."

When off the L road you pass,  
Drop your ticket in the box of glass,  
Or the surly gateman won't permit you to advance,  
Neither you nor your sisters nor your cousins  
nor your aunts.

## DISCRETION.

The gilded youth who is sage  
When he meets in a Broadway stage  
A maiden whose beauty doth his soul entrance,  
Doesn't introduce his sisters and his cousins  
and his aunts.

## THE DIABOLICAL DRIVER.

When you travel in a Bobtail Cair,  
In the box you must drop your fair,  
And don't annoy the driver with ill-bred taunts,  
Or good-bye to your sisters and your cousins  
and your aunts.

## PEDAL POLISH.

If your boots of mud show a sign,  
You'd better go and get a shine;  
Then reach five cents from the pocket of your  
"pahnts,"  
And go home to your sisters and your cousins  
and your aunts.

## STAGE ETIQUETTE.

On the Omnibus, when you go 'p,  
Get your change in an envelope;  
And look out for the fellow who the stages  
haunts,  
To pass fare for your sisters and your cousins  
and your aunts.

## CONVERSAZIONE.

When you sit in a barber's chair  
For a shave and a cut-your-hair,  
The only thing to do is to fall in a trance,  
And be spared to your sisters and your cousins  
and your aunts.

## IMPECUNIOUS GALLANTRY.

The youth who is up to snuff  
Makes sure he has cash enough,  
When he goes into fashionable restaurants,  
Not to fear to meet his sisters and his cousins  
and his aunts.

## ANTI-MURPHY.

When you go for your Sunday-beer,  
First see that the coast is clear,  
Then go through the side-door and take your  
chance  
Of evading your sisters and your cousins and  
your aunts.

## D. T.

Pull the knob down thrice for fire,  
Or twice if a copp you desire;  
But once if a messenjair you wants,  
To send to your sisters or your cousins or your  
aunts.

## "THE FINEST—ETCETERA."

If your house is robbed at night—  
Well, we really don't know quite  
How to get the gay policeman whom nothing  
daunts,  
To take care of your sisters and your cousins  
and your aunts.



## MY PIPE.

WITH heavy heart, and spirits low,  
And dark a face, and stern a brow  
As any friar,  
I seek my room, my easy chair,  
My slippers, (ah! no fancy pair  
Of wool-work, wrought by fingers fair,)  
My humble briar.

I cannot find my pipe, and—well  
I mutter words one mustn't spell—  
It's too bad, this is.  
Ah! found at last—a light, a whiff,  
And that has saved me from a tiff  
With Miss or Missis.

I watch the smoke, a wreathy cloud,  
And soon I soar above a crowd  
Of earthly troubles;  
The commoner pipe, the better fare,  
A meerschaum must be smoked with care,  
A really good chibouque is rare,  
A hookah bubbles.

I watch the fleecy cloud, and soon  
Am off to Spain, or in the moon,  
Ah! reader, what age  
Are you? Young? Then I'll confess  
My dream is one of happiness,  
And in a cottage!

A rustic cot, embowered 'mid elms,  
And bright with flowers as are the realms  
Of fairy story;  
A summer runlet trickles by,  
We wander there, the One and I,  
And watch the grand old painter die  
In crimson glory.

She murmurs, "You must make a Name."  
I seek the Bar, and rise to Fame,  
Become Chief Justice!  
I feel the coming man has come;  
I think how true the axiom,  
"What must be, must," is.

I wake my lyre to noblest themes,  
I weave a poet's perfect dreams,  
The nations listen;  
I sing of Love, and Sorrow dies,  
Of Grief, and many a pair of eyes  
With tear-drops glisten.

Among the elected few with pride  
I sit: the leader of a side  
Attacks me, and is glad to hide  
His head diminished;  
I—ah! my dreams dissolve in air,  
And I am back to facts and care—  
My pipe is finished!

ARTHUR HOSTAGE.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.  
LXXVI.

IGNORANT AMERI-  
CANS AND MISS  
MARGUERITE'S  
BROTHER.

Ya-as, I weally  
think unless I do  
something desper-  
wate, or throw my-  
self away, or marwy  
an Amerwican girl,  
I shall be unable to

wemain aw verwy much longer in this country.  
Some Amerwicans of verwy limited compwe-  
hension, and who are widiculously pwejudiced  
against everwything that is corwect and Bwi-  
tish, will, I dessay, wejoice when they he-ah  
that Jack and I are going to weturn to Eur-  
wope; but we shall not hurwy away on that ac-  
count. Besides, I don't care to encourwage in  
their pwejudices the very inferwiah people who  
don't appreciate the extwemely valuable we-  
marks which I make, at fwequent intervals, for  
the ameliorwation of the condition of the  
young Amerwican fellaws who are desirwous of  
acquirwng the secwet of conducting them-  
selves in a pwopah mannah.

Jack says that those fellaws who object to  
seeing me in pwint are not bound to wead  
what I wite, and that the lower classes he-ah—  
even some of those apparwently wespectable—  
always say disagweeable things when their  
pwide or amour pwopwe is aw t-t-touched by  
having their horwibly bad form cwticized.

Aw am constwained to speak about these  
mattahs fwom the peculiar mannahs of Miss  
Marguewite's young cub of a bwothah—no we-  
flections on the sistah, ye know.

I warely notice him, but he attwacted my  
attention irwesistibly recently by seeing him  
out on a verwy cold day without an over-  
coat or a wappah of any descwption. But I  
observed that he looked suspiciously bwoad  
about the shoulders, and aw that the twunk of  
his body was puffed out to a most surpwising  
degwee. I suppose he had an extwra supply of  
undershirts and dwawers. He wore an ordi-  
narwy shooting-coat, although I believe the  
thermometer was considerwably below zerwo.  
And yet I believe this youngster was under the  
impwession that he pwesented an extwemely  
Bwedish and hardy appearance. Quite too  
awfully absurd—although d-dooosid complimen-  
tarwy to an English fellow.

'Pon my soul, Jack says this aw young  
bwothah is anothah fellow who is beginning to  
twy to talk as I do, though don't think he can  
do that, ye know—aw, aw—nevah aw.

GOVERNOR LOW-NECKED LORNE'S  
OPENING SPEECH.

(Specially reported for PUCK.)

OTTAWA, Ontario, Feb. 14th.

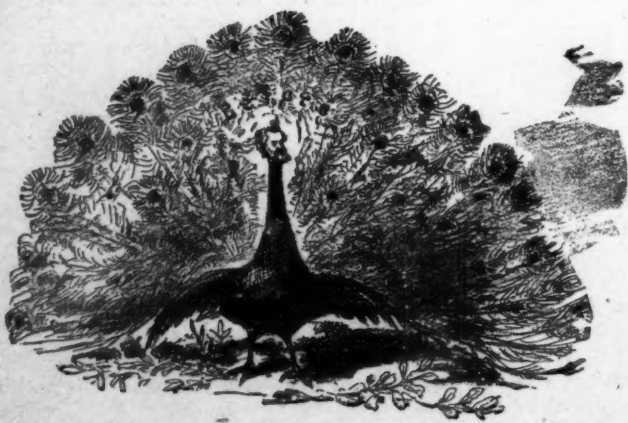
THE Canadian seven-by-nine quarter-section  
Parliament was opened to-day. Everybody was  
low-necked and low-born by order of Lieut.  
Boss Lyttleton. The usher of the Birch Rod,  
having lifted Mrs. Lorne into her high chair,  
and Mr. Lorne into one a little lower, sum-  
moned the common fellows from the basement  
kitchen, and then told the Governor to heave  
ahead—who spoke as follows:

My Lords and Gentlemen: It is a very fine  
day, a little cold—but one mustn't mind a little  
weather at this time of year. I am so glad that  
you're glad that I'm glad to see you, so is my  
mother-in-law, present President of the United  
English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh States, who  
has been unusually liberal of late with her sym-  
pathy and thanks. She has given away several  
extra barrels full, as you will have learnt by cable.  
My wife Louise has commenced business in the  
same line here. She offers five dollars apiece  
for each individual member of a family of trip-  
lets, provided they come low-necked in to the  
world. Papers on this subject will be laid before  
you by my trusted henchman, Lyttleton. Paris  
had an exhibition last year. It was very nice,  
and my brother-in-law Wales had a great deal  
to do with it. The United States has paid to  
England a large sum of money—balance due  
on a fish transaction. This is also very nice for  
Canada, who'll get some of it. I want you to  
do a lot of things about railways. I don't know  
that I can help you much in these matters, but  
for my wonderfully noble mother-in-law's sake  
I like to keep up the fiction that the whole  
British Empire is her personal property and that  
I own this particular part of it. By the way, there  
are several railways in the world. There's one  
from London to Edinburgh, and I believe one  
between New York and Philadelphia, but this  
lacks confirmation.

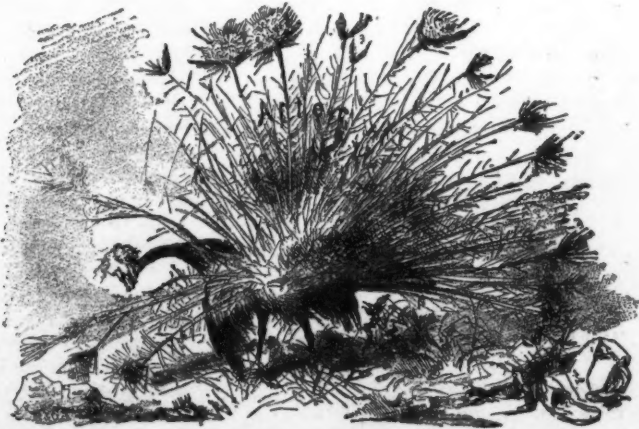
Common Gentlemen: Canadian finances are  
not in a very flourishing condition, but I don't  
care a continental so long as I get my salary.  
I have done. What I have told you is nothing  
new, but you can't hear too much of a good  
thing. I haven't many ideas of my own, and if  
I had, my mother-in-law would get her back up  
if I gave expression to them, as it would be  
unconstititutional.

KING HAL, after his accession to the throne,  
gave Falstaff his favorite drink—and yet the  
old man was not happy!

## TWO WEEKS IN THE LIFE OF ROSCOE CONKLING.



January 21st.—As New York's Senator he was elected  
Quite unanimouslee.



February 3rd.—But his Custom House nominations are rejected—  
And the Roscoe—where is he?



ALL AT THE MASQUERADE.



FRANKNESS.

"If you please, sir, you're a bandit, aren't you? What did you ever steal?"  
"Well—this costume, for one thing."



HE FORGOT.

"Oh! my dear—I've just seen my husband flirting awfully with a white domino!"  
"Stupid fellow! when I told him I'd wear pink!"



ANYTHING BUT THAT.

"If I thought that blue mask with him was his wife—upon my word, I'd never speak to the fellow again."

A PUZZLER'S POEM.

FROM ONE OF THE WINNERS OF THE  
"PUCK'S QUESTIONS" PRIZES.

I'M so happy I could cry,  
Puckie mine, Puckie mine,  
And I think that I could fly,  
Puckie mine, Puckie mine,  
As I read your latest issue,  
Were I female, I could kiss you,  
Oh, you messenger of bliss, you—  
Puckie mine, Puckie mine.

For I see that my replies,  
Puckie mine, Puckie mine.  
Are entitled to a prize,  
Puckie mine, Puckie mine.  
Oh you darling little paper,  
How I laugh and how I caper,  
How I soon begin to vapor,  
Puckie mine, Puckie mine.

My respects to your type-setter,  
Puckie mine, Puckie mine.  
Bid him follow copy better,  
Puckie mine, Puckie mine;  
For, between yourself and me,  
He has bungled two or three  
Of my answers—look and see,  
Puckie mine, Puckie mine.

Look at answer No. 8,  
Puckie mine, Puckie mine,  
You haven't got it straight,  
Puckie mine, Puckie mine;  
When the leading joke-projector  
Shows so bad a *jest-protector*—  
'Tis the best I recollect—ah,  
Puckie mine, Puckie mine.

Also answer number ten,  
Puckie mine, Puckie mine.  
Make him set it up again,  
Puckie mine, Puckie mine.  
Oh, how my choler boiled,  
When I saw my pun all spoiled!  
Pardon me—I'm somewhat roiled,  
Puckie mine, Puckie mine.

As the Frenchmen say, "n'importe,"  
Puckie mine, Puckie mine;  
You acknowledge yourself caught,  
Puckie mine, Puckie mine,  
And I know your strong endeavor,  
And that in the past you've never  
Gone astray—or *hardly ever*,  
Puckie mine, Puckie mine.

Send the money through the mail,  
Puckie mine, Puckie mine;  
But alas! of what avail,  
Puckie mine, Puckie mine,  
Is the money without you?  
Oh, that you were coming too,  
To be always in my view,  
Puckie mine, Puckie mine.

YOUNG BRIGHAM.

POOR, BUT ÆSTHETIC.

THE PAUPER MILLIONAIRE GIVES AN ART  
RECEPTION.

OF all the interesting events which took place last week, perhaps none, not excepting that which occurred in Montreal on Wednesday and called forth the encouraging bounty of the Princess Louise, was more interesting than the Art Reception given by Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, the Pauper Millionaire. The devotion of this estimable citizen to æsthetic culture in general is well known. Destitute as he is, New York can boast no more liberal patron—in proportion to his means—of art and artists. Obligated to deny himself the barest necessities of life, Mr. Vanderbilt has yet managed to get together a collection of paintings and statuary that has no equal in the city.

Of this collection he gave a few friends a private view on Friday last. A representative of PUCK was, of course, among the number.

Mr. Vanderbilt resides in a venerable two-story frame house in the upper part of Fifth Avenue. This he gets rent free; taking charge of it, for the owner, a benevolent gentleman now traveling in Europe. The reporter knocked at the rickety door; which was opened by Mr. Vanderbilt himself; who made an apology for his appearance, explaining that his means did

not permit him to keep a servant. He led the way into a shabbily-furnished apartment, with uncarpeted floor and bare walls, where were gathered the rest of the invited guests, among whom were several art-critics and millionaires—not of the pauper variety.

After partaking of such meagre refreshments as the host had to offer—they consisted of ice-water and cold scraps, the gift of charitable neighbors—the company followed their entertainer into the art-gallery.

Those who were present will not soon forget the spectacle—the noble yet pathetic figure, clad in rusty rags, emaciated by long fasting and innumerable hardships—standing proud and contented amid the artistic treasures collected by dint of personal sacrifices too great to be comprehended by ordinary men. Backing against a window, to keep off his guests the chilling draft which poured into the room through a broken pane whose missing portion was but ill replaced by a retired silk hat, Mr. Vanderbilt pointed out to his guests the special beauties of each work of art, calling on them first to admire the exquisite *chiar' oscuro* effect in a marvelous Meissonier chromo, which hung over the dilapidated mantelpiece.

To the right of this gem was placed a superb ferreotype of one of Cabanel's earliest—his very earliest works, wherein the broad and vigorous handling of the master was very noticeable. Moving back the door, which swung on one rusty hinge, Mr. Vanderbilt disclosed a large Fortuny, whose gracious subtleties showed how well this artist's manner is adapted to the higher requirements of the circus-poster.

The finest specimen of all was a Kaulbach charcoal drawing, done directly on the wall; though a jack-knife etching of Whistler's pressed this close for first place; and was almost equalled by a shirt-cuff nocturne in brown and white by the same artist.

The old masters were well represented. Mr. Vanderbilt owns a Raphael Madonna (off a cigar-box cover), a Correggio Holy Family (*Graphic* print), and a magnificent Salvator Rosa, cut out of the London *Illustrated News*.

At half-past ten, water was served, in a tin pail, and the delighted visitors departed, each one as he went casting a long and lingering glance at two lovely statuettes, companion-pieces, "Charity" and "Truth," moulded in putty by Mr. Vanderbilt himself.



## A BARBERY SONG.

If she would only comb with me,  
 Soap proper is my love,  
 I'd razor to a wife's degree—  
 My hone! my turtle dove!

Our home of lather brick shall be:  
 How fine tooth think of! I  
 Will make her hair, but towel she  
 Survive it, if I dye?

Should I curl up and cut this life,  
 Her tears she'd brush with care,  
 And, being chaste as scissors wife,  
 Hirsute of black she'd wear.

SLOCUS.

SPEECH OF HON. ESAU BULLIGATOR ON  
NEGRO VOTERS

(in the Rotunda of the Capitol, at Washington).

Mr. President: As my distinguished and honorable friend, the Senator from Maine (Mr. Blaine), has sounded the bugle note for the campaign of 1880, I may be permitted to second him and say that negro-voting must be abolished if the negro is going to vote the Democratic ticket. Have we tried all things and suffered all things for this? Shall we cry *fax vobiscum* when there is no peace? We formerly spoke of them as the colored men, now we call them negroes. And wherefore? a timid Republican will inquire. A stalwart radical need not ask. Names are indexes of thought. The State of Georgia sends to the House of Representatives ten members, all Democrats. It follows, therefore, that the two or three hundred thousand negro voters are not represented at all. It is true that Massachusetts sends ten Republicans and one Democrat, so that it takes ten times as many Democrats to send only one representative as it does Republicans.

But Massachusetts and Georgia are two different States. They are on different lines of latitude. One is northern, the other southern. Though the large minority of the Democrats in Massachusetts have only one representative in the National House of Representatives, yet in Georgia the large minority of negro voters have none at all. *Fiat justitia*, though the bank breaks! We gave the poor negro suffrage in order that he might support the Republican party in regions where it is disreputable for the white man to vote for us. Expecting forty acres and a mule, he did at first rally to us. It will take a writ of *ad captandum vulgus* to make him do it now. Before the war three-fifths of the negro race were represented. We added the vulgar fraction of two-fifths and allowed all of him to vote, and now he flops over to the infernal Democrats, and says his interests are the same as theirs. The only remedy is the heroic one—destroy all the Democrats! Take them in *puris naturalibus* and then exterminate them! This is severe, but bold and masterly. The United States were erected expressly for the Republicans. Destiny shows it.

They have called me a carpet-bagger because I was poor and not able to buy a trunk when I went south. Great heavens! has it come to this? Is it, I ask with bated breath, a crime to be poor? Horny-handed sons of Toil, hear ye! Oh, my country! my country! has it indeed come to this that a man must be stigmatized as a carpet-bagger because he ain't able to buy a sole-leather trunk? What ho, without there! Where is the goddess of liberty slumbering, I say, that he must endure all this? Come, Antony and young Octavius, come. Let us gather the drapery of our couch about us, and if we must fall, die, like J. Cæsar of Rome,

game to the last. We euchred the Democrats in 1876, though they held all the trumps, because we held the little joker, the Senate. But what of the night, watchman on the ramparts! when, after the 4th of March, 1879, the Democrats occupy both ends of the Capitol? Hah! methinks all is not lost if the colored man, who is naturally a Republican, can be made to see the error of his ways and change from being a Democratic nigger to a good colored Republican. Otherwise we must amend the Constitution.

Senator Windom, in his wisdom, has proposed to scatter the negro—I mean the colored man—and send him to weak Republican districts in Indiana and Ohio, so that he may help to support the Constitution and the Republican party in those districts. 'Tis well. Truth squelched to earth must rise again, even if she has to get up in the middle of the night. In the big lexicon of youth, there is no such word as fail. I warn my Republican friends at the other end of the Capitol that they must be up and doing, for 1880 draweth nigh, and they need expect no help from the Man at the White House. The returning boards are in the hands of the enemy. I have asked him for an office, and as I had nothing to do with the returning boards that elected him, he gave me only smiles and soft words. "Hah! villain," I said in mee heart, "the finger of fate writes upon the wall of your banquet hall and you see it not." He did not even invite me to dinner, as he did poor Bristow while he was passing over the black silk gown of the Supreme Court to Mr. Justice Harlan. I am a poor carpet-bagger, am I?—and they don't need us now. Oh, ye immortal gods! I'll buy a trunk, and then see if the Man at the White House will give me an office. Then, if not, I'll make Rome howl though it do blast me. And yet this man can dine with Wade Hampton, who stands upon a different footing now, however, since the mule kicked him into the United States Senate, and he has one foot in the grave. [Cheers.]

As I see that my time is nearly up, I will only say, in conclusion, let the great American eagle soar from his nest by the white sea-foam or from his eyrie in the far Rocky Mountains inaccessible where the rocking pines of the forest roar, but as for ESAU BULLIGATOR, the poor man's friend and the champion of oppressed labor everywhere—give him liberty or let him fall midst the crumbling pillars of the Republic, and 'scribe upon his obelisk only these deathless words: "When his country had no longer need for his services, he died for it. *Requiescat in pace.*"

P. S.—I'm for Grant for next President, and a strong government that will compel the niggers (I mean the colored people) to vote the Republican ticket. Otherwise the country is lost. *E pluribus unum* and *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

WE have known highly respectable parties achieve a degree of inebriation incapacitating them from distinguishing the difference between a brewery and a nail factory.

THERE is a unique charm about an "informal" reunion at the Palette Club which no other institution of the kind can ever hope to acquire. Reception committees there have some regard for people's feelings, and do not obtrude themselves on strange guests invited by the officers of the club, but permit them to enter and meander about the establishment, upstairs and down-stairs and in my lady's chamber, according to their own sweet will. Besides, the system has the advantage of not overcrowding the building, for the strange invited guest usually very "informally" slips off about five minutes after his arrival a much wiser man.

FIAT WISDOM,  
FROM OTTAWA, KANSAS.

BEECHER thought that he would raze hell; and he did raise it.

TAKE good care of *your* minutes; ours will take care of themselves.

A BOY may be "slower than a turtle," and yet catch a whipping very frequently.

PAOLA claims to have a man by the name of Stocking, who is 118 years old. It's a darned yarn.

PREFERRED creditors are those who do not dun. Common creditors are those who are "done."

"A FRIEND in need is a friend indeed." But a friend in need generally has all he can do to take care of himself.

THE melancholy days have come, of all the days most sad, when they sit about the stove and spit and make the grocer mad.

ONE little mouse at an evening party will give an observant man more information relative to striped stockings than all the muddy crossings in Ottawa.

I SHOULD like to see a tornado come along some day when the book-agents are all together, blowing about their sales. What an astonished tornado that would be!

"MEN are what women make them," is the title of a new book. If that's the case, I'll bet a post-office that there are women who feel as the Lord did in Gen. vi: 6.

MR. AND MRS. VESSELS, of Washington, have applied for a divorce. All at sea in domestic matters, we suppose.—*N. Y. Commercial Adv.* Undoubtedly they had too many spars.

THERE'S one thing about exterminating a family of skunks; after you have killed one you might just as well keep on and finish the lot—an ounce of this kind of smell is as bad as a hundred thousand pounds.

IT'S customary in China to drown female infants. Apparently a cruel custom, but a man can occasionally go to a church-fair down there and not be obliged to "take chances" in every blessed thing that can be imagined.

A MAN over on Cedar Street has just cut his foot nearly in two, trying to split up an armful of wood. If women will shirk work in this manner, I don't pity 'em any if they do have to bounce around and hunt up old shirts with which to make bandages.

IT'S funny! but a soft-palmed woman can pass a hot pie-plate to her neighbor at the table, with a smile as sweet as distilled honey, while a man, with a hand as horny as a crocodile's back, will drop it to the floor and howl around like a Sioux Indian at a scalp-dance.

WHEN Colfax married pretty Nellie Wade, years ago, it was Noble Prentiss who went about among his acquaintances, asking: "Since Colfax had Nellie Wade, why does he not have her uncle weighed also?" And when they would all give it up, he would answer: "Because he's Ben Wade."

ELLIS M. CLARKE.



## PUCK'S QUESTIONS.

THE great competition is closed. The distribution of the prizes is to be found below.

We print herewith the answers of Mr. "Finnegan Wakeley," the second of the successful correspondents; but we have room for no more of the many clever replies we have received; but a few special answers deserve mention. For instance, Mr. A. S. D., to the question "What did Foul Play?" responds, "variations upon his comb;" while Mr. "Lem North" tersely informs us that it was chicken hazard. The latter individual answers the question "What did Cecil Dreeme?" by saying "if her supper was Welsh rarebit—green monkeys with red overhauls, eating canned tripe," and says, "The first stovepipe was put up at Simpson's, March 17th, 1111, after the parade." He ends his letter with: "Send the prize packed so it won't jingle—slight misunderstanding with my landlord." Mr. "Gif" thinks that Foul Play is a "Reade instrument;" that apple-fritters may be regarded as ceramics, if you "keram" enough of them; that when Dieu et mon Droit it was Dieu too much for him, and he had to Droit up; and irreverently answers another query by saying "Amfino!"

Over the 2,110,499 other contributions we draw the oblivious veil of silence.

HOUSTON, TEXAS, January 22d, 1879.

Dear PUCK:

I am far removed from you, and will be later in answering your questions than others who may be less informed in that direction than myself. I am glad you started this thing. It is a matter of gratulation that at least one religious weekly means to show the agitator of the Egyptian obelisk in America that it can't be a monopoly in puzzles. In answering your questions I have not alone been influenced by the consideration of pecuniary compensation—this being an object, of course, since penury often blasts genius—but my desire is to flash the focal rays of learning on others. The stern application of a ponderous intellect to the acquisition of four bits is a sight for the gods, and an evidence of hard times. Hard times are demolishing the cherished and traditionary customs of our sires. The happy privilege of showing our sociability to our friends, with the simple remark "them's mine," is denied us now. Hence I'm in the puzzle business.

1.—According to Malebranche, he was in a neighboring orchard appropriating a few russet apples for private consumption; but the weight of evidence is with Sir Isaac Newton, who proves that at that particular time he was serenading old Laban's daughter with an old-fashioned lute, much to the mental disquiet of other members of the family.

2.—Mortuary reports clearly demonstrate that the primary cause is exposure to the blighting curse of a poetical oligarchy. Oxygen and spring poesy get away with the best of them.

7.—Billy's own words: "Mr. Gould, I desire an accommodation for thirty days upon gilt-edged paper. Your reputation as a benefactor of the distressed has induced me to apply to your for relief. No? Gimme three-fifths of a quarter, then, without collaterals, to assuage the pangs of thirst."

8.—Number 8 is a complex question, and requires deep research into history for the proper answer. Its structure will not admit of an answer touching the ch—protector's first use by the weaker sex. The question is, what man first used that protector? Very good. Richard Cœur de Lion, a famous French actor, whose time was mostly taken up in travel, who is reported as having had great physical strength by reason of Indian clubs, and who did his

own washing. The peculiarity about his great-grandmother? Ah! there's where comes in the rub! The peculiar structure of the retina of her left eye. Froissart first said of her, "She's got a ba-a-d eye!"

9.—Solomon's iniquitous injunction about spoiling the child by saving the hickory. It has caused more heart-aches than all the strikes of modern times. Those Israelitish youths who refused to be instructed into the mysteries of poesy of that day were called "Stamps." It is useless to add that for all such refusals they were severely reprimanded, or, as we put it—licked.

10.—Really, this question smacks of levity, and is ill-timed. There is no reason why an honest field of industry should be jocosely coupled together with a purple field of gore. As for the cause of an excessive charge in the matter of shines, we answer that it will be regulated in time by the laws of supply and demand. Because industries now languish, therefore prices rise.

11.—We do not think the advisability can be demonstrated. The ridiculous custom was first introduced in Palestine, a little over eighteen hundred years ago, by a gentleman whose name was John. It was written of him:

"A wet crowd by the river's brim  
A wet crowd *only* was to him,  
And it was nothing more!"

12.—That fable was at the firesides of our ancestors, but as this is an age of progress, it is scarcely to be expected that we will keep it alive when *Æsop* must make way for the "World's Fables." There is nothing strange about the first part of the question. Bo-Peep, if she looks at her misfortune in a right light, has no one to blame. Her suicidal policy brought on the misfortune. Neither does the fact that George Francis Train exonerates her from blame in the premises, diminish her loss. Her Gracious Majesty, Victoria, never had a better shepherdess than Bo-Peep until she (Bo-Peep) heeded the voice of the charmer. Disraeli was exonerated, but poor Bo—! There is but a feeble connection between Bo-Peep's loss and the fable.

13.—No! It was removed from its former location by a royal edict in the 13th century. Upon the accession of Baliol it was replaced upon the shoulder. Write to his valet for particulars.

14.—Then, by the living Jehu, we can read through that low-necked order. She's in for economy. Two bits, was it? Ha, ha! She will invite Mrs. A. T. Stewart in to tea. And there they will discuss the momentous question of public charities. Let the press of America be careful and not thwart their purpose. Good may come of that teapot.

16.—Brother. For the son of Tom being a nephew of Dick, it follows that as both were reputed of the same profession they were equal to each other. Now Dionysius the Pork-Sticker was a thorough liar—hence the relationship betwixt him and Eli. Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other. Which was to be proved.

19.—It's the Khvostchniki, a species of Tcheruyshevski.

20.—Thos. Murphy's great-great-double-great-granddaddy.

21.—Cats has music, but why? Claw-toed.

22.—Tallow candles. Lucifer invented other great lights.

23.—The Galveston and Camargo railroad bill is before the House. It's a good place for it; there is not enough room for it inside. When this thing is arranged, all news will travel faster. Some of our progeny may hear of their next President.

25.—Loony, loony! I am not mad! I am not mad! Ha! hold me, ye Boeotian nymphs! It don't hurt. Giraffes are countrymen of the

man-eating African swell. Rabbits are devoid of caudal appendages—hence the similitude. The man was partially demented.

## SECOND SERIES.

1.—The reasons are too obvious. I hate to explain. Because a bumble—ah, yes, because a bumble is neither fish, fowl, germ nor kangaroo. It is nothing more nor less than a vain, shifting and ethereal bumble.

2.—Credit system and howling paragraphers when subscribers were in arrears.

3.—This is the innocent duck. I can't tell a lie. I will send you my picture.

4.—That depends upon what he had for supper.

5.—The old, old story. Ah, fond memory presents the panorama! There stood the house; here the tree; and yonder in the distant blue reached the tall spire of the village church. Slowly we walked along, unmindful of all things but our happiness. The busy sound of labor was hushed. The spirit of eloquence moved me, but silently I pressed her hand, and drew her half-yielding form closer to my side. A voice startled us—a bitter, scoffing voice. Like a rude gust when least expected, it burst upon us in:

"Now, now, you gimme back my chewing-gum, or I'll go this minute and tell ma you let Mr. Wakely hug you." She unsealed her lips and returned the relic with a gentle admonition: "Here, you little spying wretch; and never you put this gum on the window-sill any more." We parted by the river's side; the moon shone down on her and another proud and stalwart form.

6.—He twisted himself on the outside of some soup, and told his keepers that he would like to repeat the performance.

8.—Ask the watchman of the Manhattan Savings Bank. The Locksley at the disposal of those who overpowered him.

9.—Chrononhotonthologos, a tragedy.

10.—The great discoverer, Cadmus. That cheese-factor is a cad, as Fitznoodle says. Cad must be the reason we are reminded of cheese of the Chersonese.

12.—The first literary society of Boston gave it tone by adopting beans as a regular diet. General Gage was military and not like the great belles lettres lights, hence his prejudice. But an impartial observer will admit that beans have their uses. They should, however, be excluded from the dinner table of Queen Victoria. They produce corpulence, and this estimable lady has become stout enough. Colic is often ascribed to beans.

Here is my butt, my journey's end, the very sea-mark of my utmost sail: which means that I must send the other answers off some other day.

FINNEGAN WAKELY.

## AWARDS.

1ST PRIZE—50 CENTS.

"Young Brigham" (F. S. Wilson), Box 1148, New York.

2D PRIZE—25 CENTS.

"Finnegan Wakeley" (John A. Kerlicks), Houston, Tex.

3D PRIZE—20 CENTS.

"Box 348" (News Agency), Halifax, N. S.

4th Prize (15 cents) "Lemoyne Legrand," Passaic, N. J.

5th " " " " "Annie King," New York City.

6th " " " " "L. U. Baylis," Honesdale, Pa.

7th " " " " "Vindex," Worcester, Mass.

8th " " " " "B. & S.," 6 Stuyvesant St., N. Y.

9th " " " " "Pinafore," Denver, Col.

10th " " " " "Chandler," 3 West 40th St., N. Y.

11th " " " " "Sam Fipper," Cambridge, Mass.

12th " " " " "Gif," Box 551 Cumberland, Md.

13th " " " " "Lem North," Hoboken.

14th " " " " "A. S. D., Baltimore.

Worst best (1 copy *Christian Union*),

"Nellie & Mamie," New York City.

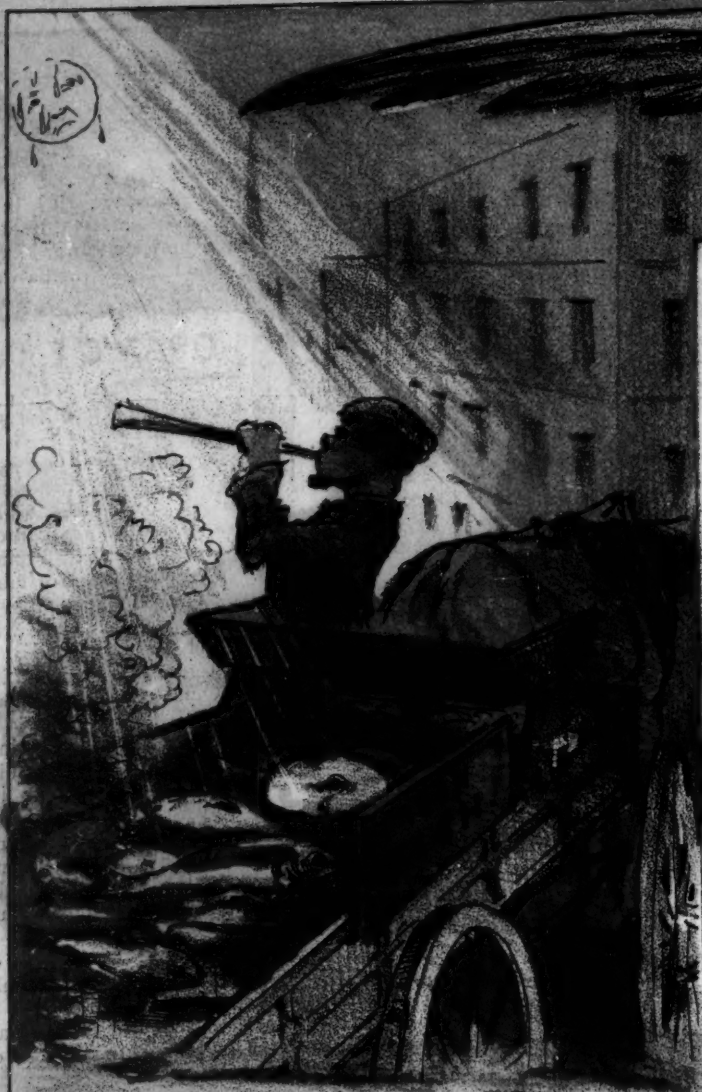
Very worst, (2 copies *Christian Union*), V. V. V.

\* Chromo goes with two last.

Messrs. "Finnegan Wakeley," "Box 348," "Vindex," "Lem North," A. S. D., and V. V. V., will please send their P. O. addresses to this office, in order that their prizes may be duly forwarded to them.



XI COMMANDMENT  
THOU  
SHALT NOT COMMIT  
ADULTERATION



How our poor Catholic Friends have to feed on Fridays and during Lent.

ALUM  
MAKES ALUMINA.  
ALUMINA  
CREATES DYSPESIA  
DYSPESIA  
INDUCES INSANITY  
INSANITY  
INCITES TO  
SUICIDE  
A LARGE LOAF  
FOR  
6 CENTS.



A Hint to Honest Bakers.



"She won't give no more milk. Kill her for prime beef!"

DISTILLERY  
THE BEST 5 Cent DRINKS IN THE CITY



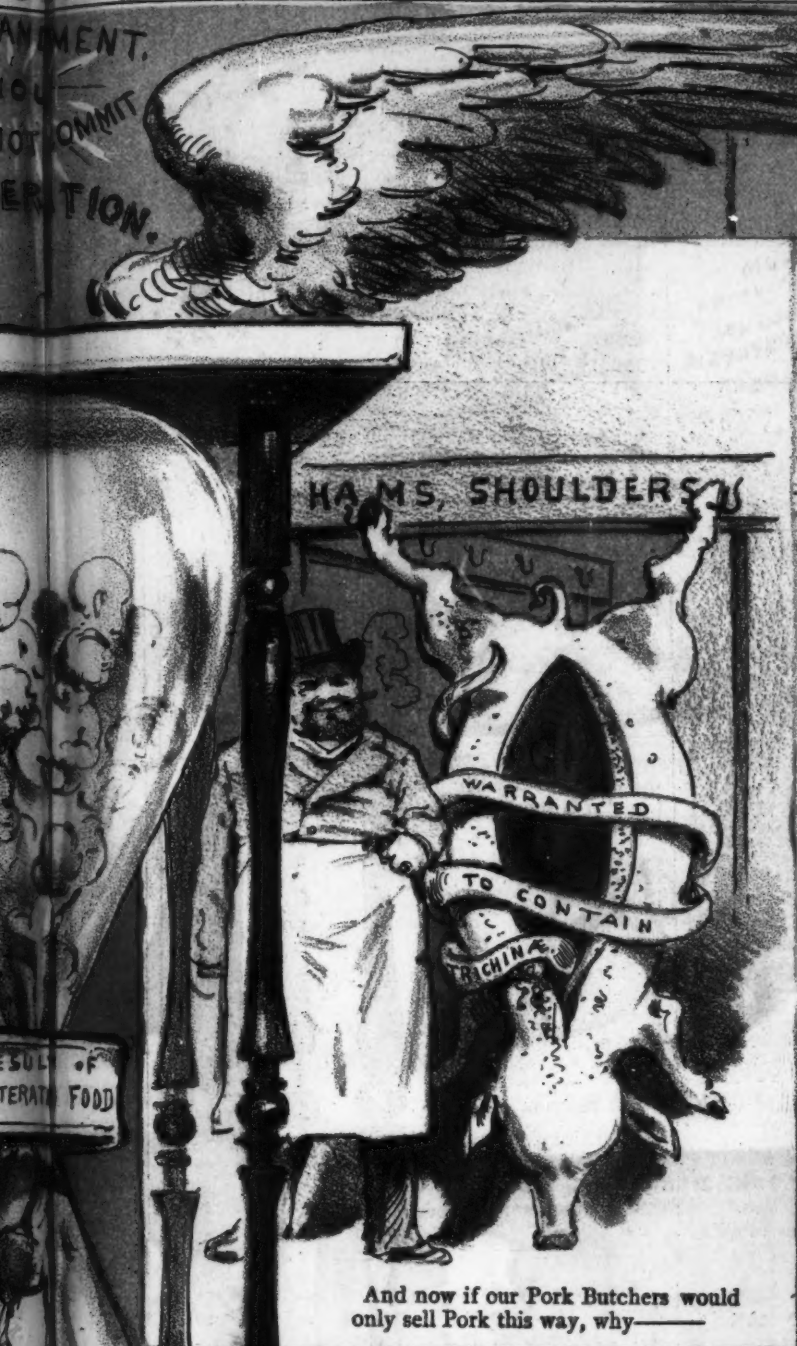
SAFE!  
"None of yer 'dulterated  
food fur me, not much!"



WHAT WE EAT



U. K.  
 AMMENT.  
 YOU  
 COMMIT  
 ERATION.



And now if our Pork Butchers would only sell Pork this way, why——



The Modern Herod, slaughtering the Innocents.



"Ah! this way death were sweet!"  
 "Saccharissa Slain."—Waller.



Butter! But—ah! We'll say no more—'tis rank and smells to Heaven!

EAT AND DRINK.



## PUCK'S HISTORY OF OIRELAND.

(Compiled from the Posthumous Notes of the late Professor  
DENNIS MCBALLYWHACK, OF MAYNOOTH.)

### CHAPTER I.

**A**BOUT the year 1494 the world, or one side of it, at least, went wild because two years before a Skipper from the Mediterranean had gone out and discovered America. This so excited a gentleman in Rome, by name the Hon. S. T. Patrick, that he at once got his back up and forthwith discovered Oireland. It has been often, and perhaps wisely said, that it had been better for the world if S. T. Patrick had discovered something else, and had permitted Oireland to remain wrapped up in her own mists until the crack of doom. But, begorra, this was not to be, and in the year above mentioned S. T. Patrick first



PUT HIS FOOT ON OIRISH SOIL.

At this time the Oirish, although not Christianized, as they eventually became in so eminent a degree, were still practicing the scriptural law to increase and multiply, which noble duty they continue down to these modern times, until, as Dr. Felix Shillelagh has well said, "There is not a country in the wuruld where yez'll not find an Oirishman!" The natives at that period were little more than barbarians and wore one strange garment only, which depended below the waist behind—but not before. Like other old habits, these old clo' still are treasured by the modern Oirish, and may be seen on them at their gatherings at the Tammany Balls, where they are denominated "dress coats," "claw-hammers," "steel-pens," and by such other Anglicized names.

The Oirish had a reason for wearing these peculiarly cut gaberdines, which is explained by the learned Prof. Darwin, Ph.D., A.S.S. He says: "The ancient Faynians had an elongation of the spinal column, which protruded to such a degree that when they sat down on the bog around a turf fire, they punctured little holes in the ground; and—"

But we forbear! Suffice it to say that the ould Oirish had reason to wear their coat-tails, as well as their tails behind 'em.

In such a miserable community Hon. S. T. Patrick saw at once that some kind of a Boss was needed; he therefore issued a Proclamation setting himself up as the King-Pin; but as at that period the printers were out 'sorts, they had no periods, so he came before the Oirish public as St. Patrick—and as such has gone down to posterity—of which it is said he had none, personally.

Like all great men, he had a Song and Dance named after and dedicated to him, entitled, "St. Patrick's Day in the maarrnin'."

This can be heard around the habitable globe on the 17th of March, annually. It is sweet when done on bag-pipes; but it conveys terror to the soul when played with beer by a German band.

The Oirish soil at that time was excessively snaky. St. Patrick, not being a ten-cent Chatham Street Showman of Monstrosities, determined to exterminate the varmint. And this is



HOW ST. PATRICK BULLDOZED THE VIPERS.

He opened bottles of rale ould Oirish potheen, and then the smell of the crathur coaxed the snakes inside—as was natural. The Hon. S. T. Patrick then re-corked the bottles and exported them, at great profit, to the Black-Hills, Memphis, and other localities, where they bred the deadly Bowie, the re-echoing revolver, and stood god-father to Judge Lynch. In point of fact, no man ever drinks Oirish whiskey now without "seeing snakes."

It is said that it was a toss-up in St. Patrick's mind whether he should banish the natives or the snakes. Be this true or not, it is a fact that he *did* banish the reptiles and retained the natives; and "he never smiled again."

We now proceed to the record of the first Era in Oireland's development.

### WHEN YOU HAVE BEEN ON A "LARK,"



And look like this on the next day.

## THE THEATRES.

The Arion Ball will not only be the biggest ball of the season, but the biggest entertainment that has ever been given since Belshazzar saw that illuminated poster—which he mistook for Horace Greeley's handwriting in a fit—in his dining room. Bigness is a grand quality when it is combined with the acme of artistic taste, and the Arion and its management have long ago reached that enviable goal. Go, young man; go, young woman; go everybody from the word go. PUCK has said it, and he knows.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—"Pinafore." Very nicely got up. Max Maretzek, washerwoman-in-chief. This laundry deserves patronage—although we don't think that First Lords of the Admiralty indulge in crimson velvet swallow-tails. Corelli is pretty and sweet, and Ida Foy fresh and vivacious.

It may not be generally known that there is a very good play at the UNION SQUARE called "The Banker's Daughter." All bankers' daughters should rush to see it, as well as those who are not bankers' daughters, and especially those daughters who wish their fathers were bankers. Sons are included under this head.

Mr. Edgar, at the BROADWAY, no longer smotheres *Desdemona* and "dies on a kiss"—by the way, a pretty slim support for the operation, for Gilbert and Sullivan's "Sorcerer" now flourishes. It likes us well, especially the teapot business. May it long prove a sorcerer remuneration to our friends Messrs. Edgar and Fulton.

Inimitable John Owens is succeeded by Gilbert's comedy, "Engaged," at the PARK. We shall notice it in our next. Our pressman won't wait this time.

### ENGLISH JOKE.

(By cable to PUCK, from London Paragaphers' Association.)

Mr. Goodyear, the eminent American india-rubber manufacturer, is dead. This will have been a *bad year* for Goodyear.

We must try to rubber along without him.

We have received a copy of the *American Journal of Microscopy*, and are rejoiced to learn, apropos of Diatomaceæ, that the *Asteromphalus* or *asterolampira* is identical with the *asterolampira variabilis*. We have had our suspicions of this for some time past, though we kept them to ourselves. But that one species of the triceratium should have irregular polygonal cellululation instead of the regular hexagonal article is, we must confess, a little bit of a surprise.

### Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—Here she is.

(FRAUDULENT) HASELTINE.—"Who is the author of the lines

— he wooed her  
As the Lion woos his bride."?

They occur in Copenhagen's "Maid with the Milking-Pail," published in London in the twelfth century; and they were stolen by that disreputable old litérateur from Saxo Grammaticus. They have also been attributed to Shakspeare. There is no charge for this; but if you choose to set them up, we will take what you do.

POLYANTHUS.—Is your winter poem intended to apply to this or next snow-season? Because if you want us to use it this year, you will have to get it back and take out the "virgin purity" and the "dazzling whiteness," and the comparisons with bosoms and lilies, and tone it down to slush-color, if you go in for any sort of realistic effect.



## THE BODY OF A BANKRUPT.

R. E. FRANCILLON, IN BELGRAVIA.

(Concluded.)

"I DO know," said Marcel. "But we must be two to one. You don't see him, as I do, every day, and sometimes all day long. In the afternoon, when he has breakfasted, he is just his old self—grave and silent, as he always was, but strong and well, and bearing—well, our troubles like a hero. But in the evening he has a look—and in the morning, well, you do see him then—weak and weary like an old man who has half-died in a dream. Yes; we must have a doctor, Bertha—we will."

"Our troubles? What do you mean by our troubles, Marcel?"

"I didn't mean to say troubles—no, not exactly troubles."

"But you did say it. And if I tell you to tell me, you will."

"I suppose I shall. And you'll have to know in time. Look at these books—even I didn't know things were so bad till to-day. I am not so surprised, after all, that Monsieur Pascal objects to see a doctor, and to tell what's on his mind. You know what he is—how he holds honor before life—and quite right, too. And if we don't meet our debts in a month from now, down we go; and if we do meet half of them, we haven't a centime left in the world—not one of the three. Ah, that madness of poor Coulon was a bad business—worse than it seemed."

"Do you mean he will be—"

"Ruined. That's the word—not troubles. It doesn't matter for me. I can get a place—I may even be a tenth-rate Coulon—who knows? And I can tell you it would take a very fair workman to be a twentieth-rate Coulon. And when I get a place I can stretch it wide enough for three, if Monsieur Pascal isn't—ah, but that's it: he is too proud."

"Does he know all this, Marcel?"

"Not all. If he did, I shouldn't wonder at his illness at all. I'm just working night and day to tide over, so that he mayn't be troubled more than he need be. Pray heaven something may happen to-day to prevent my having to tell him all before to-morrow—to-night, Bertha."

"I do pray heaven," she said.

Pascal Fénix would not have parted with that necklace to an empress for all the world. It was all that was left to him of the two short days of full life that he had ever known.

The "Sentiment" of Murder! The words surely have a strange ring; and, except in the life of Pascal Fénix, there has never been such a thing in the life of any man. How had he come to kill Marie? That was not for him to know. Had he in truth killed a woman whom he loved with passion for the sake of possessing, and selling, three hundred and sixty-five prettily designed links of gold? It seemed so, for she was dead; and yet surely that could not be. Whatever stood for his soul rose up in indignant revolt against the horror of selling this thing for a blood-price—this beautiful dead thing, with a man's soul in it, and a woman's last kiss still warm thereon. No common remorse came upon him, hand in hand with his deed. He was strong enough, as yet, to know that what is once done cannot be undone, and that a man is not what he has been, but what he becomes. He took Bertha to his own home, locked the necklace in the great iron safe, and hid the key. No vulgar fear of human justice troubled him. No creature would suspect Pascal Fénix, of the Rue Duguesclin, of committing midnight murder upon a poor widow in the Rue Ste-Odille. And no eye, save his and

hers, and that of Mademoiselle Mahacz, had seen the ostensible temptation.

Nevertheless, he came by rapid degrees to live in another world. It is so with every man who has once committed murder. Where is it said that the first and most awful result of that crime of crimes is the murderer's feeling that he has for ever become the brother in blood of all murderers of all time, from Cain, the first, down to the last wretch who has been hanged for stabbing in a drunken brawl? Pleasure turned into a tragedy, and business into a heart-sick dream. He showed no signs of his state, for he had the advantage of always having been a grave, solitary, and self-contained man, and there were no eyes loving enough to watch him with the jealousy that only affection knows. But, though he never set eyes upon the necklace, and would as soon have pried into his safe as into his own tomb, it seemed to him that the links of it were round his own neck night and day, and that the spot of winter, where the lips of Marie had breathed upon it, burned. He even caught a trick of touching the side of his neck as if to rub off a spider's web; but nobody noticed the trick, for none care.

However—there is always one comfort for a strong man who is no more than forty years old, if he has the teachings of science to aid him. In seven years' time he will be a new man. In that period he will have lost every minutest atom of his present murderous body, and each will have been replaced by a new and innocent atom. And if, as Monsieur Pascal's friends the philosophers have it, the soul is a function of the mind and the mind but a function of the body, then, clearly, with the body, mind and soul will also be made new and be as innocent as a child's. Fancy may dream of an immortal conscience; but reason and logic gave hope and comfort, and Monsieur Pascal clutched at them—it was only needful that he should live for seven years to be no more the lover and the murderer of Marie.

And the seven years passed—we know how. Why should Monsieur Pascal see a doctor? The wisest of physicians could not tell him half what he himself knew. He was more than forty, and had never been a fool. It was when about six years of the seven had gone that he first felt in himself a slight, a very slight symptom of what Marcel Riche had observed in him. He knew that his affairs were not going well, but nobody who is strong and well and awake is troubled much by a dream. He used to go into his counting-house at noon, and, though the great iron safe was still there, he never showed the least sign of want of attention or want of courage. If the great house of Fénix was to go, let it go—no man can fight against fate, and a pistol or a panful of charcoal could at any time, in Paris fashion, end all with honor. That was not worth thinking of till it came. And when the shop was shut he went to his books and his studies in the home which Bertha made for him—the girl whose parentage habit had well-nigh taught him to forget—and he slept at night as only those sleep whose hearts are either unworn or overworn: as only the very innocent and the very guilty can. It was in the morning, when he woke, that things were strange with him. He felt a strange, close, hard pressure round his throat, both without and within; the root of his tongue was hot and swollen, and there was a curious livid blackness round the eyes. If he had been a drunkard, like poor Louis Renouf, the symptoms would have explained themselves; but Monsieur Pascal was not one of the weaklings who find a shadow of comfort in wine. Nor was the effect of sleep upon him merely physical and visible. He never remembered the details of any nightmare, but he seemed to feel all the effects of one. As Mar-

cel had said, he woke, as it were, every morning a year older instead of a day; and every morning these strange symptoms grew more and more marked until at times they grew absolutely intolerable. But a cup of coffee worked wonders, and by noon he was always ready to be himself again and to look forward patiently to the end of the seven years. Whatever might be his disease, he forgot it during daylight; and it was plainly as little connected with his past crime as with his advancing bankruptcy. He was growing out of the one, and for the other he was prepared.

If his condition in waking had been marked by the sensation of a recent blow on the nape of the neck and by a corpse-like pallor, his philosophy might have ascribed it to an occult sympathy with the *Mont a Regrets*, as commoner criminals call the guillotine. But then, even had this been so, it would have argued fear, and he felt no fear. One day, however, he said to himself, "I will not sleep at all to-night, and will see what comes."

When night came he lay down as usual, but resolutely kept his eyes wide open, having already prepared himself by the strongest cup of coffee that Bertha could make for him. But a deliberate vigil was harder to be borne than he had looked for. He not only had to keep off sleep, which is harder than to compel it, but he had to fight off the thoughts and the memories and the worse things that come after midnight to an excited and nervous brain. At last he seemed to fall into a condition that was indeed wakefulness in a sense, but not the wakefulness of daytime. He seemed to be lying in his bed, as Marie might in fancy be lying in her grave. His whole heart seemed to go to her with a terrible longing, even while his right hand trembled with the pressure of her soft throat against its palm. He rose, hardly knowing what he was doing, except that he could lie there and thus no longer. He partly dressed himself and struck a light and went down into the counting-house, where his hideously beautiful treasure acted as a magnet for this midnight life of his which, as yet, had been wholly unknown to him, and which even now was hardly to be distinguished from a strange and vivid dream. He sat down at the desk, with his candle before him and the iron safe at his right shoulder.

And then, at last, sleep came fairly upon him, and he dreamed, or seemed to dream.

He took the key of the safe from its hidden corner, and opened it easily—not with any of the trouble that might have been expected from a lock unused for more than six years. It was therefore, so far, no nightmare: that piece of evidence is conclusive on that score to all experienced dreamers. And there lay the Necklace—but not untouched since he had first put it there. Two hundred and seventy nights had gone of this seventh and last year of conscience, and of the three hundred and sixty-five links in the chain just two hundred and seventy had been removed. He counted them as they lay separate, but uninjured: an ordinary workman could have put them together again with ease. It was certainly a strangely vivid and coherent kind of dream. Then, with the utmost deliberation, and as if he were obeying a fixed habit or following a settled design, the goldsmith took a small tool and removed, this two hundred and seventy-first night, a two hundred and seventy-first link from the Necklace, and fastened what remained round his own full and muscular throat. The circle was too small to meet with ease, but, though of gold, it was as strong as steel—he had to force the ends to clasp, and the tightness pained him. But it was the most natural of acts—in a dream. All the sentiment belonging to Her necklace, all its fascination for him, and even the nature of its design, which represented every day in the year



of a life one by one, made such a proceeding not only natural but inevitable at an hour and in a state of brain when fancy wakes up and becomes a law. Thus he sat till he could bear the tightness no longer, and till, for breath's sake, he was forced to remove the chain and to return it to its place again.

When he woke up next morning, annoyed with himself for having failed so completely to keep awake by will, he felt as if he had been half-choked with nightmare, and his familiar symptoms had returned slightly worse than yesterday morning. He made a stronger effort than usual to recall what had passed in his sleep, and by slow degrees remembered the nature of his dream, first faintly, but at last plainly. So plainly, indeed, did he recall it at last that, absurd as it seemed to waking reason, it felt as if it had been no dream. Not even his coffee could drive its fumes away. So soon as Marcel was out of the way he went to the hidden corner where he kept the key, and which he had not visited since he had first locked the safe. The key was no longer there.

That also was strange, though not a bit more strange than the way which all carefully hidden things have of losing themselves. He searched for it in every likely and unlikely place, but could find it nowhere. However, there was one satisfaction—if the key was lost, the dream had been only a dream and nothing more. Indeed, he was bound to be satisfied. He could no more have brought himself to force open the safe than he could have forced open the tomb which held the dead body of Marie Renouf and the dead soul of Pascal Fénix; and—if he could—the Necklace would have to be exposed to other eyes than his who dared not look upon it awake: the ghost of Marie would wake up and rise.

He was not conscious of such a trance again; he tried no more experiments with black coffee upon his nerves. As time went on any sort of sleep became too sweet to him for him to lose an hour. The memory of the trance became in due time more dim, as all memories will—even guilty ones. But, morning by morning the same strange symptoms grew and grew. It was as if the dream were not a dream, but as if every night he bound that phantom Necklace, for which he had sinned, round his own throat with the hand that had encircled Marie's, with its links removed night by night, one by one, as if the necklace grew shorter with the year. It was no illusion, for an illusion is a matter in which one believes, and he did not believe. Nor did he, when awake, recall any fresh dream. But the consciousness of the first, though he ceased to remember it keenly, was still with him, just as a note, counting for nothing in itself, may give meaning and character to a chord; and it haunted him. And yet there was sweetness in it too. If the links lessened one by one with the days and nights of this last year—why, then, when the last link was gone, he would be new and free. His penance was a type, therefore, as well as a mystery.

What had such a life to do with physicians? It was not of their world. And at last, in spite of every morning's double weariness and pain, he began even to welcome the night's rest for the very pain's sake. He began to dream of Marie in real dreams, and never as her murderer. If a dream Necklace in truth compressed his throat at midnight and left its stigmata behind, it was for her he was suffering in the only way left him to suffer. The whole sensation was so shadowy and so unreal that he more and more came to believe in types and shadows and fancies as the only real things on earth—as indeed perhaps they may be. Business might be going to the dogs, but he could sleep; dishonor might be staring into his eyes, but he could shut his eyes and dream. It is

easy to live sanely when the nerves have such a play-time as the dreams of Monsieur Pascal were.

But the matter-of-fact foreman and accountant, Marcel, who never dreamed—except when he was awake, about Bertha—only saw the outer and more obvious signs of his master's disease, and felt it was simple, straightforward ruin that affected him, however bravely its approach might be borne. And now the approach was over, and the ruin had come, and must be openly told.

For himself the young man cared little. He was already, despite his modesty, much more than even a second-rate Coulon, and bade fair to be a second Louis Renouf one of these days. Freed from book-keeping for this broken house, he would be able to marry Bertha and to work till he could keep her and make a name; and the man who had adopted her would be his father too. But he knew Pascal Fénix, and his pride. He had worked desperately to bring things round; but Samson himself could not have kept up these falling rafters that belonged to the house of a man in a dream. That sum into which Bertha had broken was the last of a series that showed him how things really were. Nothing short of an actual miracle, like the discovery of a gold mine on the premises, or the descent of some marvel straight from the skies, would support the once famous house for two days more. And nothing had happened that day to prevent Marcel's having to tell his master the very worst before another night arrived.

Nevertheless, though without hope of being able to conquer the arithmetic of bankruptcy, he carried the books into his bedroom and set to work at them again instead of sleeping. His conscience was clear enough, Heaven knew—as clear as Bertha's own, and the thought of Bertha served for an angel to keep him company through the dark hours. But night is night, and has a dreary, creaking music of its own that day never hears. Marcel more than once fancied that he heard a stealthy footfall in that house whence the most expert of burglars would have gone empty away. But such fancies are too common after midnight for heeding. He went back heavily to his books, finished a balance-sheet of hopeless significance, and said to himself:

"To-morrow morning he *must* know."

Before lying down for a little sleep he went down to the counting-house to put the folios back in their places—for he, too, had his business maxims, and followed them. As he approached the door, treading nearly as lightly as the imaginary burglar, "How is that?" he exclaimed in thought. "A light in the counting-house? Surely I haven't been so absent as to have left a candle burning there all these hours—and when the price of a candle is something now in the Rue Duguesclin? That isn't business-like, anyhow—and till daylight, too."

He opened the door. And there, sure enough, mixed with the new daylight was the dying flare of a bedroom candle. But it had been brought, not left, there—and the safe, the sacred safe, on which no finger had been laid for seven whole years, stood with its iron door unlocked and wide open.

Had robbers been there, after all? And could that bankrupt house have contained even in its most sacred safe anything worth plundering? And—

For one moment Marcel stood aghast with horror. If robbers had come, assassins had come with them.

In his arm-chair before the desk sat, or lay back, Monsieur Pascal, as still as stone. He did not hear the door open. He did not see Marcel come in. He did not stir. Nay, he did not even breathe.

He must have died in defense of—nothing. He had no weapon, and was more than half-

undressed, as if he had been hurriedly roused from sleep. Why had he not called Marcel to his aid? But there were no signs of any struggle. The collar of his shirt was turned back over the shoulders, and his broad, full chest was bare. But his face—that was a terrible sight to see. It was the figure, not the face, by which Marcel had known his master.

It was too late for any physician now. He could only throw a covering hastily over the features swollen, livid, and distorted beyond what pens may dare to tell, and then put himself, if he could, on the track of the assassins. The safe must have been forced open by some unusually skillful tool. But no—there was the key in the door. And, if the robbers had carried off any of the contents of the safe, they had left behind them what must have been the most valuable of all. It needed not the eyes of even a tenth-rate Coulon to set down those scattered links as the most marvelous feat in gold-craft that had ever been seen since the days of Cellini. And there was one piece of paper—a formal receipt of a Necklace which they had composed left in pledge with Pascal Fénix by Marie Renouf, widow of Louis Renouf, *orfevrier*, and dated—Marcel knew the date well: it was the day before Bertha's mother had died.

Into what mystery of life and death had Bertha's lover found his way? Hideous as the sight was, he conquered its repulsion and lifted the covering once more—instinct told him that no common death-stroke had fallen here. Cutting deep into the swollen neck was the rest of the chain, clasped together so tightly at the broken ends and strained with such force, in order to make it meet, as to have dealt justice as surely as the guillotine. And there, on the desk, lay the little tool by which yet one more link had just been removed. It was not for Marcel to guess, nor perhaps for any but some brother in dreams to know. But, so surely as, one by one, the nights had gone by, so surely had the links of Marie's Necklace lessened—one by one; until, even as he had trusted, the right hand of Pascal Fénix had become that of a guilty man no more.

So ends the mystery of the Rue Duguesclin, which, so far as I know, has never yet been told. The body of a bankrupt goldsmith was found one morning strangled with a necklace—that was all. And the necklace, having done its work, went back to its owner. But, if it is ever looked for on the neck of Madame Riche, it will not be seen. Good women do not care to play with things that mean men's lives and souls. [END.]

#### THE GERMAN MISSION.

No pale flecked glimmerings blend athwart the glooms,

Where meek insoluble with spasms of thought Inexplicable destiny's trend entombs

Transcendental symbols such as Gyges wrought In vague palimpsest, hieroglyphic traced,

Read, prescient lines of vulcifranch chagrin, "Tis fitting Bayard Taylor be replaced

By Charles F. Adams, Minister to Berlin."

EDGAR FAWCETT.

Deep in the realms of Arcturus,

Where Terrors expugnable bide

With the clangor of dangers that thicken

For the hecatombs hideous which hide

Erect in the storm of evasions,

Yet the world's proud blazon be

As even the anvil whereon Time's scythe

Was forged from Eternity,

Nor thrill with the æon's convulsion

'Mid the shock of Titanic applause,

When Charles F. Adams to Germany goes,

For writing "Yawcob Strauss."

—*Boston Traveller*.

SIDNEY LANIER.





### Puck's Arrangements.

#### CÆSAR'S WILL.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,  
I found it in his cupboard; 't is his will.  
Let but his relatives hear this testament,  
And they will rush headlong to the attorneys.  
And every son, daughter, cousin and aunt,  
Wives never known before and children too  
Of bad repute, will quickly file  
Their affidavits that he was insane  
And didn't know as much as a last year's  
chicken;

Yea, try to break the will, and the result  
Will be that half the whole estate  
Will in the lawyers' purses seek repose;  
The other half in pieces will be rent  
By numerous relatives unless I find  
A codicil bequeathing that amount  
Unto a home for pauper millionaires.

—Derrick.

He looked upon a prospect  
As red as any rose,  
Did the persecuted mortal  
With a boil upon his nose.

—PUCK.

He sat upon a "prospect"  
As hot as forty stoves,  
And 'twould have made you laugh  
To see how quickly he arose.

—Wheeling Leader.

"DUSTPAN the western sky, my love?  
The clouds are breaking away;  
"I dust, indeed, there'll soon b'room,  
For Sol to gild the day."  
And the "winder"-brush or two  
Across the heavens made,  
And gave them mop-portunity  
To mark the solar raid.

—Wade Whipple in *Yonkers Gazette*.

#### THOSE JEWS-HARP TESTIMONIALS.

I can also give the signatures of the proprietors of the beer saloons, who will testify that my matchless instruments were alone used in front of their places. Permit me to give the report of the judges at the Philadelphia exhibition. The judges heard them performed upon in a Lager Beer and Wein Keller, just outside the Exhibition grounds, and immediately agreed to give the following report if the performers would withdraw:—

##### SOLOMON NIBS'S JEWS-HARPS.

For the singing qualities of the agraffe bar,	102½
For the durability of the burglar alarm attachment,	102½
For the extreme sweetness of the cow-bell register,	102½
For elasticity, pertinacity and mendacity of the tongue combined,	102½
Average, 102½ out of a possible 100.	

Signed by all the judges.

If you will publish the above in your valuable paper I will be happy to pay you with five trade dollars, and I make no discount on those trade dollars neither.

Yours respectfully,

SOLOMON NIBS.

[We have determined to publish Mr. Nibs's effusion, without making any demand upon him for the five trade dollars.—*Sincerest flattery of PUCK by obscure Trade Review.*

#### SPELL-BOUND—B-o-u-n-d.—*Rome Sentinel*.

CHICAGO does not find favor in the eyes of the Mexican PUCK.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

CUCUMBERS are now fifty cents apiece, and the family physician charges two dollars a visit.—*N. Y. News*.

PUCK registered (No.) 100 in the shade this week. Glad you have got up to par, old boy.—*Boston Bulletin*.

THERE have been men who wouldn't accept the crown and you couldn't diadem to do it, either.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

If the English want to conquer the Zulus, why in the mischief don't they hire General Howard?—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald*.

A WRITER says Lord Beaconsfield is the chief lever in English politics. Of course; isn't he the pry-minister?—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

DO GIRLS in a printing-office like men to set up with?—PUCK. Yes, but some old "sticks" are ruled out.—*Unidentified Exchange*.

SCHAEFER is a young man, but he handles his cue like the grandson of Methusaleh, in fact like a Two-ball Cane.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

A TOWNSMAN who keeps a donkey in the back-yard says that, winter or summer, he is never without his garden's-ass.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

LIFE would surely be a dreary waste if one could not have his picture taken every time a new collar is introduced into the market.—*Court Journal*.

TWINS are the paro-pets of a house.—*Whitehall Times*. You wouldn't think so if you occupied the same room at night with them.—*N. Y. Express*.

THE man most liable to chip off the frontispiece of your Adam's apple is the chap who advertises himself as a "tonsorial artist."—*Wheeling Leader*.

If it be true, no news is good news, some of the Philadelphia dailies are emphatically good newspapers.—PUCK. You mean snooze papers, don't you?—*Whitehall Times*.

WE commend to our readers PUCK, with its satirical pencil. It is making public opinion rapidly, favoring a return to the secular government of the fathers.—*Cleveland State*.

THE fall of the first woman in the Garden of Eden and the act of secretly listening to the conversation of others are similar in that each constitutes eavesdropping.—*Rome Sentinel*.

ON account of the late terrible slaughter of British troops, Her Majesty's Opera, now in this city, will wear crape on their voices for the next thirty days.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald*.

THERE is a sweet consolation in a morning headache—the assurance that you wrestled with the spirit of bad whiskey and destroyed some portion of it the night before.—*Court Journal*.

FROM our inner consciousness we have evolved the following English style of pun: "A sick Canadian is like one of the joints of a man's hand, because he is a K'nuck ill. (Knuckle).—*Whitehall Times*.

A PEANUT boy on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad was frozen to death up in Wisconsin last week. So, brethren, the long severity of this hard winter has not been exerted uselessly, after all.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

The game of Poker.—Why is the second player old-fogyish? Give it up? Because he's behind the "age."—PUCK. That's good. But why is the player holding three and a pair, like PUCK's caricature of Gumbleton, the County Clerk? Do you "pass"? Because he has a full hand!—*Baltimore "Heptasoph"*.

WHAT a genius Keppler is. If he had but half the chance that Nast has he'd be known the world around.—*Appreciated compliment from Noah's Sunday Times, with the assurance that Mr. Keppler is perfectly satisfied with his present "chances."*

Notice.—Called in before birth—jokes on Grévy—too grévy subject to jest about.—PUCK. The President of the French Republic.—Salary \$240,000 per annum.—He'll not grévy about his income, at least.—*Baltimore "Heptasoph"*.

PUCK is decidedly the best cartoon journal published in this country. Its burlesque of the religio-business projects of the present age strikes the nail on the head, and is so eminently true that the religious community, as well as the rest of the world, should blush for shame at the unjust pretensions of our teachers.—*Baltimore Heptasoph*.

THE excellent excursionists, who are now edifying Mexico with a glimpse of the graces and the virtues of Chicago are happily ignorant of the Castilian tongue. But they probably know a caricature when they see it, and we hope therefore that they may come back without catching sight of the lively and malicious sketches with which the Mexican PUCK, *La Gacitilla*, has been amusing its subscribers ever since they first descended from the Apam train at the railway station.—*N. Y. World*.

#### SOME PURCHASES COVERED BY THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES' CONTINGENT FUND.

One razor and equipments for L. F. Watson, of Pa.,	\$5 00
One diary, Hendrick B. Wright, of Pa.	70
One Silica slate for W. J. Bacon, of New York,	75
One opera glass for W. S. Stenger, of Pa.	12 00
One visiting list for Thomas Ewing, of Ohio,	1 00
One photograph album for A. W. Cutter,	2 50
Ten reams of "shoe paper" for R. W. Townsend,	2 50
One opera glass for C. E. Hooker, of Miss.,	10 00
One "baby opera" for W. J. Baker, of New York,	80
One "Songs for the Sanctuary" for W. J. Baker, of New York,	3 00
One ivory pocketbook for F. H. Manning, of Miss.,	7 20
One family Bible for Jesse J. Yeates, of N. C.,	20 00
One hymn book for Jesse J. Yeates, of N. C.,	4 00
One opera glass for H. D. Money, of Miss.,	14 00
One magic pencil for H. B. Wright, of Pa.,	3 50
One pair of dumb bells for J. R. Chalmers,	1 50
One floral album for C. B. Roberts, of Md.,	1 65
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OUR "funny man" being away from home on a little "funny business," and our obituary writer having not yet been released from the lock-up, the reader will this morning be compelled to search the scriptures and advertise ments for humorous items.—*Derrick*.

IN Philadelphia misfortunes never come singly. It was only a few weeks since that the female chimpanzee died of inflammation of the bowels, and now the old fellow himself has gone to that country from whose bourne no chimpanzee ever returns, or at least hardly ever. All true Philadelphians are expected to wear emblems of mourning for thirty days.—*Boston Post*.

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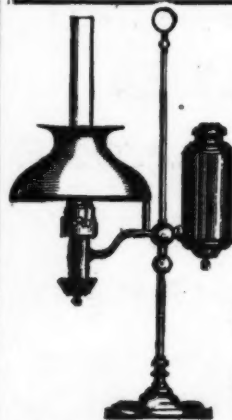
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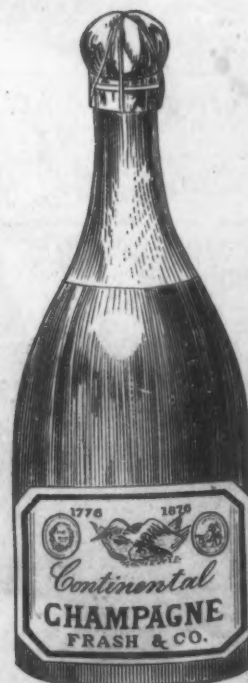
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